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have seen the fancy cyclist and the tricks that he rides through.

We have wondered if the wheels went to him when he was in the air.

We have listened to the "coon" songs and the ballad verses, too.

"Till we meet again," the rhymes for "true" and "love" and "dread."

We've caught the rhymes for "honey" and for "hale" and for "blow."

We have heard of recollecting what "him to her" he said."

We have learned the plots of sketches and the characters we knew—

Rowing couples, angry lovers, and eternal Eags—

We have come to smile at sweethearts whose affections are laid low.

But long ago, when when dimples are assaulted by the "coops,"

Laughs were proper "till we found that, with the

The most dignified policeman simply bears the name of "pups."

We have met the Irish joker with the aggravated abuse,

With a slight regard for grammar and his partner's high silk hat;

We have heard the dress-cut punster, and we called exactly "what?"

'Twixt the darkey and the Dutchman, who yodels loud and flat—

Elided, and the crowd that the prodigals and melancholy Jews,

Who can only talk of arson or of Carson when they chat.

We are tired of imitations—tired of solos and of the

Of the trickiest and his great climactic feat,

Of lanky-legged acrobats and pigeon-toed non-

Of the comic instrumentalist and the things he deems so sweet—

We've grown more responsive when they play the flat course

Hidden in twin wings of chicken or a pound of sausage meat.

So, when the trouts are beaten and the actors have their say,

When there's no power that must not thrill,

When Armand holds office in some Y. M. C. A.,

Will the satisfied reformers kindly take up van-

away

Will the satisfied reformers then the ancient folk

And introduce a few things in the line of vandeville?"

Of course, as the Irishman of "The Phoenix" used to say when the hero of that ancient melodrama had the villain by the throat, the above verses are largely "the way as a coke," but, nevertheless, they are a corker. And what a salient truth. The average specialty performance is so wholly without novelty that a succession of such entertainments wears dreadfully uninteresting.

From the ordinary will do more toward bringing the contributor into favor than might greater merit. This fact was exemplified last week at the Grand in the

"I'm both," both were done in a single scene. The director broadened my extended commendation, for opportunities were few. I drifted into Gotham and Mason Mitchell, the rough rider, introduced me to Mr. Lester, who was preparing to present "The Belle of New York." He was told singing and tried the "Baby" air from "The Lady Slavey." Mr. Lester said I could have the part of Pifi and I learned the high kick. When he broadened it did not swell on my palate and I asked for something else. The director replied that he might get ready to understudy the character of Pifi. I broadened it further until I was about to secure a prominent actress for the role. I rehearsed it frequently receiving only such aid as was extended to the others, and finally was extended to the first place. I rehearsed it frequently till after the premiere did Mr. Lester come around to remark "I told you so" and to claim that he always had had me in his mind. I had been very unpleasant and I shall be glad when it is over."

"You leave 'The Belle' soon?"

"My contract expires on April 14, 1907. On April 15 I visit London where I shall appear under the management of Messrs. Davis, McLeellan and Kerker. Mr. McLeellan who is Hugh Morison—and Mr. Kerker who is John H. White—will manage me. The new piece to be done abroad is nothing better or worse than 'An American Beauty,' in which Lillian Russell starred last year. It is a play by George Fawcett, written and should be a great success. I am to have the title role. Miss Russell has been very good in giving me her ideas and she will be most helpful to me in this role. Again let me thank you for refusing to speak of this matter until you had seen me. An revoir."

"The story of my life" London triumphs or nobly admires or big type. Nothing against anyone. This was all.

"The story of my life" Thomas E. Swan repeated after the visiting reporter. And then laughed.

The Times man waited expectantly.

"I don't know," said the reporter. "I don't know that the narrative will prove unusual, except in that it must detail the fact that I never have worked for anybody save myself. My people are not the least interested in the matter. They are system at amateur performances. In my early youth I would go to the play and returning home, would lock myself in the room and write."

Sheridan and Goldsmith. Finally I formed an organization from the young people of my acquaintance and we made a tour of the suburbs of Boston. Strange—the trip was pronounced a failure. A proprietor of a repertoire combination saw and engaged me. I labored hard and within a few months bought an interest

"Isn't there some shrewdness on your part in the act?"

"I don't say that," replied Mr. Edwards. "Of course, no person could expect the beast really to count heads and add and so on. He has been trained to do that, and he is a figure of a horse, to satisfy each with a stipulated fear, or even, perhaps, after I had taught him to draw straight line on a slate, I gave him the figure of a horse, and he has learned to do only when that slate was held vertically. The figures four and seven followed, and then Bonner learned to do curves. To touch or a position of my body, he could not accomplish. But a brute hardly could be caused to remember he has no brain, and I think that Bonner's performance is ample proof that the power of thought is not confined to humanity."

The Times man stroked the silken mane of the horse and rubbed the long nose. Then he thanked Mr. Edwards for his information and turned to go. "Wait a moment," quoth that gentleman, and he turned to the animal: "Bonner, aren't you glad to have met me?"

Bonner nodded.

"And you hope he'll come again?"

The nod was repeated.

"Say good-by."

Mr. Edwards touched his graceful neck and laid his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the guest. His eyes did not turn from Mr. Edwards until the trainer raised his hand and turned to go. In that position and the reporter resumed his way.

THE LOUNGERS' LEAGUE.

"It's all very amusing," quoth the President.

The Loungers' League—collectively—seemed neither surprised at the originality of the observation nor curious concerning its meaning. The Treasurer continued to engage in the laudable occupation of whitening wooden knobs off a French gilt chair and the First Member was lost in the difficult task of turning nine matches into one. Only the Vice President snatched a breath as he asked: "Why did she 'shake' you?"

"Why did she—her?" returned the President. "About what in creation are you talking?"

"Well," explained the other official, "when a fellow turns up the corner of his mouth and remarks 'It's all very amusing,' his friends are safe in betting he's a pin-cushion that he has tried to reform, or been refused by a woman. I know you don't drink to excess, so—why did she 'shake' you?"

The President did not condescend to make answer. "It's amusing," said he, "to hear people take up theatrical subjects. The

On Tuesday last, James K. Hackett produced "The Prince of Jenico" at the Casino. The play is a comedy, and describes how its hero, Basil Jenico, goes to Hungary for the purpose of taking charge of his estates, and with the understanding of his friends, who are to help him. A princess, who loves him, changes places with her maid, and—well, as the vaudeville comedians say, "use your own imagination." The play is called "Ernestine," an offering in which Lester Wallack and Mrs. John Hovey frequently appeared twenty-five years ago. Mr. Hackett is assisted by a number of players, Basil, and Bertha Galland are the princess and her maid. The play is by the late Tim Murphy, who has not been here since the days of "A Texas Steer," opened at the Casino in 1875. The play is by Ogie Road and Frank S. Pixley, "The Carpetbagger." It is a comedy as the work has been done in Washington. I need not tell of its plot, and I need not say that the players are a good one. I will draw good incoice while it remains. Mr. Murphy is excellent in the name part, while the supporting cast is good. The Casino Company may have a new play, "The Seven-hundredth Performance in New York the other evening at the American." "Falke" was the composition rendered by the company. The play is by Elouise Morris, Reginald Roberts, Frank Moulton, William Pruett, Louis Casvany, Gertrude Quinlan, and Maude Lane. The Casino has been closed this week pending the premiere of "A Casino Girl" on next Tuesday or Wednesday. The new musical comedy is by Sam Bernard, Mabel Gorman, Irene Bentley, Louis Wesley, and others. Nat. C. Goodwin and Maxine Kline terminate their engagement at the Knickerbocker. The new play is by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, who preceded them, Anna Held, too, ends the run of "Papa's Wife" on the last night of this month. Stuart Robson, who failed in his first play, "The Great Rube," on Broadway, will come to the Fifth Avenue when Madame Modjeska has left. He will present August Thomas' "Oliver Goldsmith." At Daly's shortly "The Ambassador." The play is by Sam Bernard. "An Interrupted Honeymoon," which will remain until late in April. The company then will induce in a brief tour, at the conclusion of which Mary Pickens will appear in a new play, "The Great Rube," next season. "The Carpetbagger" will be retained until next Saturday at the Fourteenth Street, when and where Rose O'Neil, Minnie Seligman, and John T. Sullivan will appear. Deane will revive "The Great Rube."

Wright, will be in the employ of Cassin F. Brown.

P. F. Droop & Sons have published the compositions of Paschal J. Plant and Alvin C. Moran—ballads, entitled "He Could Sing 'Abide With Me," "Zaza," and "The Song of the Part." These compositions are creditable, that first-mentioned being a gem of its kind.

John Webster, husband of Nellie M. Henry, and a manager of note, recently disappeared and was believed to have been killed. His wife, however, has several persons claim to have seen Mr. Webster in Washington, and a systematic search for the missing man soon will be begun.

A Western paper says: "Somebody dynamite under the stage while an 'Unlucky' Comedian was playing at the 'Colorado town, and Tony, Eliza, and the bloodhounds were hoisted simultaneously into the flies. Here is a pointer for pet reporters who fancy talking about 'staving the stage.'"

The famous old Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, has fallen the way of Digby Bell and Robert Hilliard. It has not actually gone into vaudeville, but vaudeville is in the air, and it is expected that Edwin Knowles' lease of the house for a week and will devote its stage to "continuous" performances.

The company playing "The Girl from Chili" was engaged to give an entertainment at the Casino, Kansas, and had stipulated sum for its work. The employer who was running for office, then announced that admission would be free and arranged for police protection between the act and the act. And so, Kansas was "chilled."

"Arizona" really will get into New York next season. The story of the manner, which this play, a brilliant road success was kept out of the metropolis until managers were willing to surrender as a temporary concession to Kansas, and for the time, would astonish some people who profess to be wholly pleased with current theatrical conditions.

Raymond Hitchcock, who was once the "Columbian" manager with the Casino Square, N. Y. Company, and who has been seen here in "Three Little Lambs," will next year star in a musical comedy written and backed by himself. Mr. Hitchcock is a comedian and probably his humor but as a sort of managerial "Punch" will lead to success.

The justice who heard Katherine Grey petition in the case of Katherine Grey v. Richard Mansfield has asked that actress be more specific in her charges. The judge said that he would call on Mansfield's lawyers, though it may well affect the result of the trial. Meanwhile Miss Grey continues to do artistic work.

Modjeska may go

John Oliver Hobbes is said to be writing another comedy for Daniel Frohman, who recently produced her "The Ambassador."

Madge Lessing, whose form is her tune, has been engaged for the part of Quakeress in "The Rounders." What pity that the regular garb of Quakers isn't tight!

Harry St. Clair, who has been on road with John Grieve's "Merry Revelers" is spending a few weeks in this city. He will join the company again on March 1st at St. Louis.

By the terms of the will left by the late John Slesser Clarke the Walnut street

Richards and Canfield, who have made money as joint stars in "A Temperate Town," are being sued for divorce. Which, considering the aforesaid partnership, seems like "carrying a good thing too far."

Despite the loss of several bushels of diamonds and other space-getting explosives, Josephine Hall is out of the cast of "Girl From Maxim's," and Merri Osborn, who was seen here as the maid in "Turtle," has replaced her.

"Athletic Co-Eds" is being killed by

Martha Morton has developed the Augustus Thomas habit and has named her new Herbert Keelsey and Effie Shannon comedy "Indiana." Mr. Thomas and Mr. Morton, between them, should have difficulty in using up all the States in Union.

It is reported that the firm of Broadhurst Brothers has been dissolved, and that hereafter George Broadhurst, author of "What Happened to Jones," "Why Sam Left Home," and "The Wrong Wright," will be in the employ of Charles Frohman.

A Western paper says: "Somebody dynamite under the stage while an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' Company was playing in Colorado town, and Eliza, and the bloodhounds were hoisted straight up into the flies. Here is a pointer for persons who are always talking about 'elevating the stage.'"

which the play, a brilliant road success, was kept out of the metropolis until managers were willing to surrender all interest in the production as an exhortation for time, would astonish some people who profess to be wholly pleased with current theatrical conditions.

Raymond Hitchcock, who was once the Columbia Theatre with the Cass Square Opera Company, and who last was seen here in "Three Little Lambs," a star next year in a musical comedy written and backed by himself. Mr. Hitchcock is a pleasant looking fellow, with a friendly smile, and a pleasant voice.

The justice who heard Katherine Grey's petition in the case of Katherine Grey v. Richard Mansfield has asked that the actress be more specific in her charges. This is taken as a favorable sign by Mansfield's lawyers, though it may affect the result of the trial. Meanwhile Miss Grey continues to do artistic work in support of Sarah Cowell Le Moyne.

NEW YORK, March 10.—Among the interesting things theatrical pro-

The Cherub, the only other "strange" work that ever approached "Cavallet Rusticana" for condensed intensity, "Mame Butterfly" is Celestial. It tells of an American naval officer who marries a Japanese girl and then sails away. The child is born and the wife waits for the coming of the husband she worships. When he returns it is with a spouse chosen in his own country. The Japanese girl commits suicide. *Blanche Bates adds a triumph to her list of triumphs through*

charge of his estates, and with the understanding that he shall not wed beneath him. A princess, who loves him, changes places with her maid, and—well, as the vaudeville comedians say, "use your own judgment." The play is singularly like "Ernestina," an offering in which "Last Will and Testament" was the last play to appear twenty-five years ago. Mr. Hackett is a graceful, though not a remarkable Basil, and Bertha Galland is the princess. Tim Murphy, who has not been here since the days of "A Texas Steer," opened at the Fourteenth Street on Monday.

The Casino has been closed this week pending the premiere of "A Casino Girl" on next Tuesday or Wednesday. The new musical comedy will be brought out by Virginia Earle, Sam Bernard, Mabel Gilman, Irene Bentley, Louis Wesley, and others. Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott terminate their engagement at the Knickerbocker tonight, and will be followed by Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry who preceded them, Anna Held, tota, etc.

retained until next Saturday at the Fourteenth Street, when and where Rose Coglan, Minnie Seligman, John T. Sullivan and Charlotte Deane will revive "The Great Ruby."

Of course, you know all about the "Sappho" doings, and there is nothing else sufficiently new to deserve space or the trouble of filing it. **NANCY SYKES.**

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"Well," explained the other official, "when a fellow turns up the corner of his mouth and remarks, 'It's all very amusing, but my friends are safe in betting pounds to pin-cushions, that he has tried to reform me'—and is then refused by a woman, I know you don't drink to excess, so—why did she 'shake' you?"

The President did not condescend to make answer. "It's amusing," said he, "to hear people take up theatrical subjects. The average man can converse intelligently on

100